Since hee's ſo great, can make his will his acte,
Will thinke me ſpeaking, though I ſweare to ſilence,
Nor bootes it mee to ſay I honour,
If he ſuſpect I may diſhonour him.
And what may make him bluſh in being knowne,
With hoſtile forces hee'l oreſpread the land,
And with the ſtint of warre will looke ſo huge,
Amazement ſhall driue courage from the ſtate;
Our men bee vanquiſht, ere they do reſiſt,
And ſubiects puniſht that neuer thought offeuce,
Which care of them, not pity of my ſelfe,
Who once no more but as the toppes of trees,
Which fence the rootes they grow by, and defend them,
Make both my body pine, and my ſoule languiſh,
And punniſh that before that he would puniſh.

1. *Lord.* Ioy and all comfort in your ſacred breſt.

2. *Lord.* And keepe your minde till ye returne to vs peacefull and comfortable.

Hell. Peace, peace, and giue experience tongue:
They do abuſe the King that flatter him,
For flattery is the Bellowes blowes vp ſin,
The thing the which is flattered but a ſparke,
To which that ſparke giues heart and ſtrouger growing,
Whereas reproofe obedient and in order,
Fits Kings as they are men, for they may erre,
When Signior ſooth here doth proclaime peace,
He flatters you, and makes warre vpon your life.
Prince pardon me, or ſtrike me if you pleaſe.
I cannot be much lower then my knees.

Per. All leaue vs elſe: but let your cares ore-looke
What ſhipping and what lading in our Hauen,
And then returne to vs: *Helicanus* thou haſt
Moou'd vs: what ſeeſt thou in our lookes?

Hell. An angry, brow dread Lord.

Per. If there be ſuch a dart in Princes frownes,
How durſt thy tongue moue anger to our face?

Hell.

Hell. How dares the planets looke vp to heauen,
From whence they haue their nouriſhment?

Per. Thou knoweſt I haue power to take thy life from thee.

Hell. I haue grouud the axe my ſelfe,
Do you but ſtrike the blow.

Per. Riſe, prethee riſe, ſit downe, thou art no flatterer,
I thanke thee for it, and heauen forbid,
That Kings ſhould let their eates heare their faults hid
Fit Councellor, and ſeruant for a Prince,
who by thy wiſedome makes a Prince thy ſeruant,
what wouldſt thou haue me do?

Hell. To beare with patience ſuch griefes,
As your ſelfe do lay vpon your ſelfe,

Per. Thou ſpeakeſt like a Phyſition, *Helicanus*
That miniſters a portion vnto me,
That thou wouldſt tremble to receiue the ſelfe.
Attend me then; I went to *Antioch*,
whereas thou knowſt (againſt the face of death)
I ſought the purchaſe of a glorious beauty,
From whence an iſſue I might propagate,
Are armes to Princes, and bring ioyes to Subiects:
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,
The reſt (harke in thine eare (as blacke as inceſt,
Which by my knowledge found, the ſinfull father,
Seem'd not to ſtrike, but ſmoothe: But thou knowſt this,
Tis time to feare, when tyrants ſeeme to kiſſe,
which feare ſo grew in me I hither fled
Vnder the houering of a careful night,
Who ſeem'd my good Protector: and being here,
Bethought what was paſt, what might ſucceed;
I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants feare
Decreaſe not, but grow faſter then the yeares:
And ſhould he thinke, as no doubt he doth,
That I ſhould open to the liſtening ayre,
How many worthy Princes bloud were ſhed,
To keepe his bed of blackneſſe vnlaid o,
To lop that doubt, hee'l fil this Land with armes,

And